

R 13. THE 77
NEW-COMERS:
OR, THE
CHARACTERS
OF

JOHN the CARTER, | DANIEL RAVEN, &
SANDY LONG-BIB, | Old WILL with the
Spencer Wig.

To which is added,

The Character and History of
WILL TRIMMER,
Formerly of the *St Stephen's Club*, now
Select Vestryman and *Honorary Burgefs* of
this Liberty.

AND

A familiar and historical Dialogue between
BOB and WILL on their late Conduct.

Concluding with
Some curious Particulars of them Both, and their
new System of *Parochial Faith*.

Taken from the Westminster Journal of
Sept. 25. Oct. 9, 16, and 23.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
New-Comers, &c.

Taken from the
WESMINSTER JOURNAL.

From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.



E have an old *English* Proverb, *When the First is gone, seldom comes a Better*, which I wonder the Advocates of his *late Honour* have not yet turned upon the deluded Patriots. But apparently it was not the *Man*, but his Power, his Authority in the Disposal of Wealth and Places, which they pleaded for, ever in Hopes to have some Ray of his kindly Influence darted on *Themselves*. They have now the same Complaisance for his *Successors*, whenever they shall please to call in their Assistance. To support a falling Patron is none of their Province, as Gratitude is none of their Virtues; and Lord *Satan* himself, at the Head of the *T——y*, might be sure of a *Freeman* at the Head of his *Legion*.

But as there is not one of these *Adages* without some Foundation in Truth and Reason, it might be worth while, for once, to take up the Part of our receding Advocates, and consider how much of these unite in the

present when applied to the late Revolution in public Affairs. This may be done without any Compliment to *Don Roberto*, or any other *quondam* Premier ; it being no Proof that, One was not very bad, because Another is no better. The old Woman of *Syracuse*, who had seen the Reign of the elder *Dionysius*, a Tyrant of the first Magnitude and had pray'd for his *Death* ; when she came under his Son's, a Tyrant yet more infamous, alter'd the Tenor of her Petitions, and pray'd for his *Life*, lest the Demon himself, in human Shape, should succeed to the Government.

I will not take upon me to affirm, that in ministerial Revolutions, worse and worse *always* does, and absolutely *must* follow : But that the Gradation, in general, has continued *à malo ad pejus*, is, I think, too manifest to need any Proof. Hence that universal Odium on the very Name of *Prime Minister*, which perhaps might at first be somewhat honourable, especially under a Prince of violent Passions, or small Abilities. Under any other, in the primitive Times, I cannot think that such an Officer existed ; and then he was rather the Servant of the People than of the King, whom he held in a sort of *Pupillage*, and restrained from the Commission of any great *Mischief*.

But not to run into abstracted Reasonings, and conjectural Propositions ; Is it not a natural Piece of Curiosity common to all, in any Change of Hands public or private, to enquire into the Qualities of the *succeeding Persons* and compare them with those of his *Predecessor* ? If a chaste Widow, upon the Death of her first Husband (whom, good Woman ! she can never forget) ventures in two Months upon a second, do we not always ask *what sort of a Man*, and whether he is like to be as indulgent, as industrious, as provident as the former ? Upon any Removal in the Neighbourhood, do we not enquire concerning the *New-comer*, his Principles, his Honesty, his former Character, his Skill in his Profession, and other Accomplishments civil and moral ? Do we not frequently, in either of these Cases, regret the *past* in comparison with the *present* ? Not only

only the same Curiosity, but very often the same Reflection, prevails upon Changes of greater Importance, tho' perhaps they are what we before ardently wish'd for. We see it even now, after having been for twenty Years preparing a Bill of Ejection against *Bob Monopoly*, that the Rents he held in his own Hands should be divided into Tenements, and he obliged to give an Account of their Improvements. *Bob* is ejected; his Apartments are differently tenanted, and yet the Neighbours are unsatisfied.

There is no Way of accounting for the Justice or Injustice of this *Dissatisfaction*, but by enquiring into the Characters of these *New-comers* in the political System. To do this fully can be no easy Task, considering that they are still in a great Measure *Strangers*: But as I, in my Quality of *Watchman*, *Lanthorn-bearer*, and *Staff-bearer* of the City of *Westminster*, have had greater Opportunities of knowing them than most other Persons, or at least of forming probable Conjectures of their Qualifications, I shall communicate to the Public my *Observations* on this Subject. A few of the *leading Men* will give an Idea of the Rest, who have neither *Soul*, *Opinion*, *Character*, or *Sensation* of their own. These *leading Men* I take to be *John the Carter*, *Sandy Long-bib*, *Daniel Raven*, and *old Will* with the *Spencer Wig*: Not to mention *Will Trimmer*, because he has not yet taken a House, tho' it is notorious that he was *Broker-general* to all the others.

JOHN the CARTER is a Man of Parts and Vivacity, capable of any Undertaking, but *faithful* in none. He would make a very good *Coachman*, if he had the least regard either to Master or Horses: But when he was formerly *Postillion*, before *Bob Monopoly* took the Reins in his Hand, it appeared that he was for *driving on* thro' thick and thin, over Hedge and Ditch, without Fear or Shame, purely to show his own *Skill*, at the Hazard of every Thing else. He was likewise suspected of taking *Bribes* on the Road, to give the Way to others, who had no Claim of Precedency over his Master. Nay, some went so far as to suggest, that

whenever it was in his Power he would *pinch the Horses* of their Corn, and put the Money in his own Pocket : Which Suggestion seems the more probable from what has since happen'd, when his Master sent him to be Steward over a *distant Estate*. For he there show'd his *Avarice* to the utmost Excess, by cutting down the Trees, racking the Tenants, and not leaving one Thing upon the Land that he was able to bring away. Since that he has been a good while out of Employment, but still caballing to get in, and raising Scandal upon every Soul that was either a Bar to his Ambition, or the Rival of his Abilities. No Man did this with a *better Grace* than himself, as he had the Art of throwing what Colours he pleas'd on his *Arguments* and *Narratives*, and making himself still *believed*, tho' always *suspected*.

His Office at present is *Clerk of the Vestry*, in which it must be allowed he makes a much better Figure than his Predecessor. If he picks the Pockets of his Parishioners, he *does their Business* at the same Time, and carries on their *Law-suits* with more Spirit and Success than they have been lately used to. But then the Danger is his getting too great an *Ascendancy*, and by his seeming Integrity procuring too much *Confidence* in his own Measures : For if this should ever happen, he will certainly bite all he is concern'd for, and play *booty* on both Sides. In a Word, there is no fear of his acting well while his *private* Interest runs parallel with the *public* ; but should the contrary appear, he is by so much a more dangerous Servant than *Bob Monopoly*, as he is superior to him in the *Knowledge of Affairs*. Let him have all Power to do *Good*, and none to do *Mischief*, and we need not fear the best Consequences from his Ministry.

Since *John* has been in Place the last Time, I have inspected him pretty closely with my Lanthorn, and do not find that any Thing yet prevails over the *Love of his Country* within his Breast. But other Thoughts, other Pursuits are crowding for *Room*, and bid fair to jostle out by Degrees his public Spirit. *John* may do well enough therefore for about a Twelvemonth, while his

his Honesty is only on the *wear* ; but by that Time it will be pretty well *wetted down*, and he must be laid by to recover his *Edge*. This he soon does *out* of the Verge of a Court, and gives deeper Cuts to those *in* it than any other Man of his Age. *Bob Monopoly* hath often felt him, and *smarted* for it severely.

SANDY LONG-BIB is quite a fresh Man, and has got the Succession of *Robin's* best Apartments. He has a heavy plodding Genius, understands Arithmetic pretty well, and 'tis thought would make a good Supervisor in the Excise : But how the D——l he came to rise higher, and become chief *Tally-man*, is Matter of Wonder to all Mankind ; nor can he himself account for it. Some think that *Bob* has play'd him a *Trick* in this Promotion, in order to be reveng'd for a *Push* *Sandy* made at him about twelve Months before ; and that he got him placed so *high* not to *honour*, but to *expose* him. If so, most think he will carry his Point, and that the Effects of his Resentment will at least be adequate to the Affront. When *Sandy* laboured to get *Robin* ejected, it was with no View of coming into *Possession* himself but only to signalize himself at the Head of a Cabal : But when he saw the *Door* open, and had Leave to go in, he instantly did it without Ceremony, or without considering what a Figure he should make with his *awkward Appearance*, and more *awkward Deportment*.

As *Sandy*, by his Situation, is become one of the most *conspicuous* of the *new Servants*, I have taken particular Care to examine him with my Lanthorn. I found him at first quite *bewilder'd*, scarce sensible of what he had *done*, and unknowing of what he should *do*. He did not seem to mean either *Good* or *Evil*, till the latter, in form of *Money*, arose from behind a Pile of *Tallies*, and took Possession of his *concupiscent* Faculties. Then I saw that he would be a very *M——r*, whose Trade is to amass all they can, promote all their Creatures, forget all their honest Friendships, and cancel all former Obligations. He is not yet such a perfect Master of *Ways and Means*, as was his illustrious Predecessor,

cessor, but comes finely on, and in a few Months more will know how to make up the *publick Acc—nts*, and employ *f—t S—ce Money* as well as ever a *Robin* in *Christendom*. Besides, he begins to get rid of his Sheepishness, and talk *en maitre*, which is more than was expected from him at his first *setting up*. His Relations have good Hopes of being well *provided for* in their Turns, and ranking themselves with the Children, Brothers, Nephews, and Cousins of other *Ch—rs* of the *Ex—r*.

DANIEL RAVEN, *Ship-Master*, is the next of these great Personages. He has taken up a Profession with which he is little acquainted, and therefore, with the Title of *Chief Director*, he must be ever under the *Direction* of others. The *M—r* of the *R—ls*, or the *Gr—m P—rt-r*, had been an Office suitable to his Taste and Qualifications: For who so proper to preside over our *Games*, as the Man who himself most excelleth in them? But what Analogy, O ye Councillors! is there between a *H—z—rd Table*, and a *B—rd of Ad—y*? The Art of slipping a *Card*, or cogging a *Dye*, will it suffice to circumvent an Enemy, or order a *Fl—t* to the greatest Advantage? But perhaps the Idea of a *Mortar* and *Bombs* may be waken'd by the Sight of a *Box* and *Dice*, and the Thundering of *Cannon* be imitated by the Rattling on the *Board*. Else wherefore doth *Daniel* sit *there*, and why are his Brethren, for his Sake, advanced to Honours?

I have heard of a noble Person, who presided at a certain honourable Board, where his Knowledge enabled him to act the Master; that when a Gentleman was recommended to him by one of his Coadjutors, as proper for such an Office, he answered short, *Sir, I have design'd it for him*. To which the other (a raw Commissioner, without question) replied with Astonishment, *How, my Lord! Design'd? What, without consulting Us? For what then do We sit here?* — You sit here, returned his Lordship, *to follow my Directions, and receive a thousand Pounds a Year each Man. If you don't like your Seat, Sir, you may quit it at Pleasure.* — This was

was somewhat arbitrary, but might be borne from a Man of superior Skill, who spoke only in his own Province: But should the Chief of any Commission be talk'd to in this Manner, and sit not to judge, but to execute Orders, how mean and despicable must be his Figure, and the Figures of all who are joined with him?

I have look'd at Mr *Raven* again and again, to see if the *Goodness of his Heart* will atone for the *Deficiency of his Judgment*. It might be originally well made; but has suffered so much formerly at *Whites*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, the *Masquerade*, *New-Market*, the *Groom-Porter's*, and other public Reforts of *Sh-rp-rs*, that it can hardly ever again recover its true Form. The narrow Spirit of a *Gambler*, that Avidity of other People's Substance which inspires all his Actions, is seldom or never exorcised out of the Person it has once possessed. Can any Thing great, generous, popular, be conceived in such a Breast, or executed by the Direction of such a Genius?

OLD WILL with the *Spencer Wig*, is not properly a *New-comer*, and has only moved two or three Doors nearer the *Pay-Office*. Many Years hath he been a Chairman, first of the *St Stephen's*, and afterwards of the *St James's Club*. He is a Man of decent Behaviour, a great Lover of Forms, and a regular Speaker. If not *Wisdom*, he has discovered at least more *Prudence* than most other Men, and was not suspected either of *Ambition* or *Avarice* till his late Removal. That indeed, and the Provision he has already made for two hopeful *collateral Sprouts*, by taking them under the same Roof with himself, shew him to be not altogether so regardless of his own Family as he was once thought. The Temper he has always shewn, has acquired him the Name of a *moderate Man*; tho' some doubt whether it be the Effect of *Principle*, or only a deep *Precaution* to keep himself *in*, let who will go *out*. This he seems likely to accomplish, and so to be every Man's *bumble Servant*, while no Man will rely on him as a *Friend*. Thus without Buffle, Envy, or Opposition, he drudges quietly on in the Road of Business, and, tho'
never

never foremost, may perhaps make as much Way in the Acquisition of what he seeks as any other.

My *Lanthorn*, penetrating as it is, has made no great Discoveries in the Breast of this Neighbour; which makes me take him to be, in earnest, a pretty *plain-hearted* Sort of a Man, that may prove as *honest*, at least for the *present*, as those about him. But the *handling of Money*, which it seems he is to have, is a very untowardly Circumstance, and makes me in dread for the *Infirmity of his Age*. I have not, however, yet seen any new *Iron Chest* brought into his House, and hope this will prevent his thinking of any such Matter; which I will not fail of communicating to the Public, if ever it should be done: For I perceive there is no Trust in Man, throw but the *proper Temptation* in his Way!

I might have introduced here several other Characters, as those of the *Two Old Captains*, *John Signet*, *Bat Allen*, *Vainly*, and many more, but I chuse to reserve them for another Opportunity.—That of *Will Trimmer*, when finish'd (for he still fits for it) will, I believe, make a whole *Miscellany* alone, and be a very *diverting*, as well as a very *singular* Piece.

When I have gone through the whole Group, I shall leave it to the Reader's Consideration, whether or no, now *the Old One is gone*, *better are come in his Room*? But this I will venture to say beforehand, from the Sketch I have already taken, that in a Picture of this Sort, justly drawn, *bad will be the best*. There seems to be a Sort of Contagion within a certain Circle, which affects all who enter it in the same Manner. The once Good-natur'd, the once Affable, the once Humane, the once Upright, the once Beneficent, the once Friendly, let them go to *, and they are so no more. Whether or no a timely Retreat from it may restore the Man, and once more unveil any of his former *private Virtues*, may be worth a future Enquiry in the Person of his *late Honour*, or some of his chief *Implements*: Be that as it will, none of these can atone for *public Crimes*, nor ought they to avert that Justice, which the *People* loudly demand.

B.

THE



THE
CHARACTER and HISTORY
OF
WILL TRIMMER,

Formerly of the *St Stephen's Club*, now
Select Vestryman and HONORARY *Bur-*
gefs of this Liberty.

Intermix'd with
Some Particulars of BOB MONOPOLY,
late *Tallyman*.

Taken from the Westminster Journal of
Saturday, October 9, 1742.

From my own Apartment, Spring-Gardens.



HIS Day Fortnight, according to Promise,
I gave the Characters of certain Persons
within my *Beat*, who were either *New-*
comers, or had *removed* their Habitations.
I referr'd several others to a *future Op-*
portunity, which I may *embrace* or *neglect* according as
they *behave*. The two *old Captains* I have no fear of,
they having always approv'd themselves Men of *Honour*:
John Signet has been *staunch* in his Principles, and I only
hope he will continue so, tho' in *bad Neighbourhood*:
To *Bat Allen* I have as yet no particular Objection; and

as for *Vainly*, and the Rest, let them form their *own Characters*, remembering still that I am at hand, to *correct* severely those Strokes I may be oblig'd to *condemn*.

But *Will Trimmer* is more worthy of Notice, and therefore I rais'd some *Expectation* with regard to him. *Unfinished* as the characteristical Draught of him may be, it is already more crouded with *Absurdities* and *Contradictions* than any other I have seen. Pursue this *Proteus* where we will, we shall ever see him rising before us in some *new Shape*: Let us look back then a few Moments, and run over his *past Transformations*, 'ere they grow too *numerous* to be remembered. I promised, on this Occasion, an *entertaining Piece*: It must be want of *Skill*, and not of *Subjeſt*, if I fail. He has liv'd before in the same *Precinct*: I have search'd the *Records* for his Behaviour *then*, and in all the Places he has moved to *since*.

All the Inhabitants *here*, except in a few *Rents*, (where some are so *lucky*, when related to the chief Officers, as to get *Leases for Life*) are Servants at Will to the Lord of the Manor; who has also a limited Power of erecting *honorary Inheritances*, which are ever supposed to be the Rewards of *distinguished Merit*. His *Lordship* is, in himself, a mighty *honest* sort of a Man, tho' somewhat *choleric*, and would always gladly shew his Favours to the *most Deserving*: But as he cannot, among so many, be personally acquainted with *all* these, he is seldom thought to make much Enquiry concerning *any*. A few *leading Men* about him direct his Choice, who generally either belong to the *Tally-Office*, or are *Clerks* of the *Vestry*. The *Tally-men* have Charge of the *Cash*, and the Others look to the Books, and transact all *public Business* of Form. It was necessary to give this additional Idea of our *Constitution*, as an Introduction to what follows.

WILL TRIMMER was born of reputable Parents, had a tolerable good Education, and was, from the first, a promising Boy. The Hopes conceived of him did not dwindle, throughout his whole Progress from

Infancy

Infancy to Manhood. He profess'd his Family Principles, tending entirely to *parochial Liberty*, and a *free Vestry*: But was thought to strain them so far, that he could have wish'd the Manor had *no Lord*, and that the Direction of all Things might be in *common*. In such a Community, he well knew his own *forward Genius*, and *Talent of haranguing* to a popular Assembly, would soon give him a Superiority to most of his *Fellows*; which was what in his Heart he panted after. No Man, indeed, ever more solemnly *professed* the contrary, nor at some Periods was ever more believ'd. He had a Way of seeming *disinterested*, which might have impos'd upon a *Cato* or a *Hampden*; has been a thousand Times complimented with these very Names, by those who really *deserv'd them*; pass'd for a Master of *his own*, as well as *other Men's Passions*; and was thought the *Guardian-Angel* of the Neighbourhood, when Designs were manifestly forming to oppress their *Liberty*, or double their *Taxes*. Yet was he all this while *greedy, ambitious, bespeck'd, and revengeful*. It will not be said that I lay this Charge at Random, when I have gone through some Particulars of his *Life*, and compar'd them together.

Tho' in his younger Days he had a very good House, and a *Competency* to live on; a *Relation* of his, then in favour with the *Lord*, found out some *waste Ground* in the Manor, and got a *private Grant* of it to himself, of which *Will* since made such Improvements as discovered his great *Forefight*.—But this, as it is no more perhaps than any other *prudent Man* would have done, I should not have mentioned, had it not since enabled him to brave his *Benefactor*, and all his *Servants*. There might be some Reason for the *latter*, and I doubt not there was: But *the Reprover of Vice should himself be virtuous*.

The Father of the present Lord, upon his coming to the Estate, had *Will* recommended to him as fit for *Business*. He made him Clerk of the Militia, which is a very profitable Employment, and might have satisfy'd any young *Beginner*. *Bob Monopoly* was at the

same Time in the *Tally-Office*, and who but they two at all the Parish Meetings. They were both Members of the *St Stephen's Club*, which is the general Vestry, where all the *Parish Rates* are settled; and never did Men more agree in using every Pretence to *rack* their Neighbours. The Lord, at his first coming, had his Title contested by a *spurious Pretender*; and the Parish, because his Lordship was a mighty good Man, defended the Cause. This occasioned some additional Charges, which no Body grumbled at paying: But the Aim of our Associates was to saddle them with it *in perpetuum*, and therefore their Inventions were ever at work to raise new Alarms. This, at last, grew tiresome, and made them suspected, when, all of a sudden, as if they had repented, they threw up their Places, upon a Motion to raise some Money for the Assistance of a neighbouring Lord, who was *at Law* with another much poorer than himself. But the Truth was, they were in danger of being *supplanted*, and did it only to save Appearances.

During this Period of their joint Management, they, with some others, were deputed a *Committee of Vestry*, to enquire into the *Dilapidations*, and other *Mal-administrations* of certain former Officers. It is confidently said, they found Matter enough to hang at least one of the Culprits; but as his *Trial* did not come on till they had *resign'd*, they then thought proper to stifle the *Evidence*. And from that Day forwards, at every Club-Meeting, they did nothing but rail at all his Lordship's Servants, as if it was impossible to live honest where *They* had been *before*. There was, besides, at this Time, an unhappy Misunderstanding between the *Heir* and his *Father*, which they took the Advantage of, and ranged themselves on the Side of the *former*. *Will* said one Day, he was now a free Parishioner, and would oppose all *Knaves*, as he had *given over* to be one himself. Not only some of the *Club*, but many *without Doors* began to believe him, and he grew again into Reputation.

The new Servants, in reality, were *no better* than they had been represented. They contrived a *great Box*, which they said had the Quality of *multiplying Money*, and invited the Parishioners to put in *what was left them* after paying their Rates. Many did so, and the Jugglers, from Day to Day, gave out how much it was *increased*. This drew in even Misers, who brought out their old Hoards to buy up this *ideal Accumulation*. At last, away run some of my Gentlemen, *Box* and all, and leave their *poor Cellies* in the Lurch. So flagrant an Imposition could not however pass over in Silence; therefore the Matter was brought before the *Vestry*, where *Bob* and *Will* were much *listened to*. This was such a Time as they wanted. They suffered the *Roguery* to be detected, and then let the Rest of the *Rogues* slip thro' their Fingers, with only a slight Mulct, and the Succession of their *Places* to themselves and their Adherents.

Behold them now again in Office, and still the same *par Nobile!* *Bob* is erected into *Chief Tallyman*, and *Will* would have an old Servant, who kept the Key of my Lord's *Coffer*, turn'd out of his Living to make Way for himself, tho' the poor Man was forced immediately thereupon to become a *Pensioner*. Yet not many Years after, while he still held his Office, he took it in his Head to harangue against *all Pensions*, tho' his own Ambition had occasioned the *most considerable one* that had been for some Time granted. But this was the Effect of his Disgust at his old Friend *Robin*, whom he saw *advancing* far before him in the Race of Preferment, without looking behind, and whom in vain he strove to follow with *equal Steps*.

The Wife of *William*, seeing that her Husband was as *rich* as his Neighbours, and opining that all Merit lay in the Possession of *Wealth* and *Honour*, was ever teizing him to get the Rank of *Burgess of the Liberty*, and *Select Vestryman*, which are the highest Honours his Lordship confers. *Get us a Title!* said she. *Get us a Title!* and thus daily she follow'd him about the House. *Will*, who knew her teizing Temper, and

that what once *enter'd* her Head would never *out* of it again, promised to *apply* for what she desired. In the mean Time another Crotchet seiz'd her. *Will*, said she, *can't you write as well as Tom Clermont, or Charles of Norfolk? Why then are you not Clerk of the Vestry, as well as either of them? Mind, I insist upon it, you shall be Clerk of the Vestry.* Here was now a double Difficulty; two Favours to ask for at once; and yet Compliance was absolutely necessary, or no Peace would there be *at home*. He opened the Case to *Bob*, who told him the Demand was *unreasonable*, and could not be granted. *Will* insisted, and *Bob* as strongly denied; till the former, disappointed and stung to the Heart, swore a great Oath, that he would, from that Time forwards, be an *eternal Thorn* in the Side of his old Croney, and condemn every Thing he should either *say* or *do*.

Next Vestry-Day *Robin* propos'd an *Over-rate*, to raise Money to pay the *Pensions*, and discharge some of his Lordship's *Bills*. *Will*, who for some Years past had come *plum* into every Money-Scheme, was for granting none till the *Accounts* were audited. He drew over to his Side a considerable *Party*, and never was War wag'd at *B-l-l-nsgate*, between two Ranks of the *Piscinary Sisterhood*, with more Acrimony and Rage, than in the Club of *St Stephen*, between the *Williamites* and the *Bobites*. To have heard either of the *Leaders* scold, call Names, expose old Facts, surmise new Tricks, you would have thought the other the greatest R—— in *Christendom*: But when you had heard the *Answer*, you would immediately have concluded they were *both alike*. The only Difference between them was this; That as *Bob* had the Disposal of all his Master's Favours, he always secured a *Majority* in the *Club*, which, after wrangling ever so long, he was sure would carry the *Question* to his Mind: Whereas *Will*, by being overborne *within*, and still haranguing for the Liberty of the Parish, became the Favourite of the People *without*, who, to a Man, hated *Robin*. In short, by a long Habit of railing to the *same Tune*
many

many had forgot that *Will* was ever in *any other*, and believed he had the Interest of the Community really *at Heart*.

Whenever there was a Vestry held, the Lord himself would come and open it with a *Speech*, setting forth the State of his own Affairs, and those of the Parish. No sooner was his Back turn'd, but *Will* and his Friends would criticise upon this Speech, charge it with *Absurdities* and *Falsities*, and swear it was drawn up by *Robin*; thereby insinuating, as the other Side frequently observed, that his Lordship could neither *write* nor *read*. However, *Bob*, by his Majority, always got an *Answer of Thanks* to these Speeches, and very often drew it up *himself*.

If ever his Lordship, by his Deputies, who were always deem'd to be of *Bob's* chusing, made a *Contract of Amity* with any neighbouring Manor, *Will* would be sure to ridicule it, libel it, set the Parish against it, and call those who made it a Pack of *blundering Fellows*. A Brother of *Bob's*, that went by the Name of *Balance*, was famous for these Contracts, and the Wit that was *lost* upon him on those Occasions. The Parties it *fell on* always deserved the *Satire*, but it was no Virtue in *Will* to throw it out; because, had the *Honour* and the *Clerkship* been given him, all the Transactions of his Lordship's Servants had met with Approbation. They might have encreased the Charge of the Parish as much as they had pleased, even for the Benefit of his Lordship's *other Estates*, which was now one of *Will's* most popular Topics of Clamour.

A remarkable Instance of his *Instability*, and Readiness to *come over*, appeared upon the Death of the old Lord, when the present Possessor came to the Manor. *Will*, who, ever since his Defection from his old Friends, had always rail'd against any Encrease of the Parish Expences, let the Cause be ever so pressing, calmly suffered an Addition to the *Militia*, and an Advance of the *Quit-rents* to his Lordship, in regard of his numerous Family, without so much as *opening his Mouth* in behalf of his Fellow-Parishioners. The Case

was, he hop'd the *new Lord* would make some Room for him about his Person, and grant him all he had desired some Years before. *Bob*, he presumed, would be *kick'd* out of the House ; and *Tom Clermont*, who had affronted his Lordship in his Father's Time, *Will* would have laid a Wager must *resign* : And then, thought he, *who so proper to succeed him as Myself, if I can curry Favour with the young Gentleman ?* He was mistaken ; *Bob* and *Tom* both kept their Places, and *Will* relapsed into his *Spleen* and *Detraction*.

There was another *Club*, entirely *select*, of which the Lord himself was a Member, and nominated all the Rest. *Will* was chosen into this in the *Father's* Time, and continued some Years under the *Son* : But one Day his Lordship, in a great Passion at something *Will* had said in the *Vestry*, took up his Pen, and with his own Hand struck the Words *Will Trimmer* out of the List. Whether this was done at *Bob's Instigation*, or from his Lordship's own *Resentment*, or both united, is uncertain ; but it was near a Dozen Years before he could recover his Seat, and that only with the Sacrifice of all his Friends.—But the History of this Period, which is full of strange Occurrences, and wonderful Altercations between *Bob* and *Will*, I shall reserve for another Paper, to make Room in *this* for the Letter I mentioned last Week. The Gentleman who writes it says nothing of the Publication : But as I am not certain he does not expect that Compliment, and that he will not accuse me of *Partiality* if I suppress a Re-proof sent to *Myself*, I insert it without any other Remark than this : That the Application of the Character in my former Journal is entirely his own, and that, if what he says in Behalf of the E—— of *W * * ** viindicates either of my four *New-Comers*, I am exceedingly glad to be better informed myself, and to convey that Information to others.

B.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

ACCORDING to my Custom, I have been taking my Afternoon's Pipe over your *Journal*, and was agreeably entertain'd till I came to the erroneous Character you give of the E—— of W——; and as I know it to be so, from a long personal Acquaintance with him, I think it my Duty to lead you out of so grievous a Mistake, which I am persuaded you have been led into by Somebody, who knows nothing of him, but the Character he bore *twenty Years* ago, when, it is well known, he was quite the *Man of Pleasure*: But I can positively aver, that, for many Years past, no Man has managed his Affairs with more *Prudence* and *Oeconomy* than his L——p; no Man apply'd himself more closely to *Business*, and such *Business* as it were to be wish'd every Man of *Quality* and *Fortune* would take the Pains he has done to instruct himself in. As to his *Generosity*, I could wish you were to enquire about it of his Tenants, to many of whom, to my Knowledge, he forgave a Year's Rent (to some more, and to others less) in Consideration of the late Scarcity of Grass, Grain, &c. Is this like a covetous Man, or is it not? He was *extravagant* and a *Gamester* in his younger Days, and so was the D—— of N——, who is still a *generous Man*, and, for a *Courtier*, a very *honest* one. I join with you, that the whole Board of ——, of which his L——p is at the Head, would be best composed of *Sea-faring Men*; but can so many be found, who are known to be Persons of *Integrity* as well as *Experience*? My L——d is not a *Sailor*, but is an indefatigable Man; has a *Head* turn'd for *Business*; and, I sincerely believe, a *Heart* to serve his *Country* and his *Friend*: The latter I have the greatest Certainty of, tho' I never ask'd him a Favour for Myself, nor was ever refused one for my Friend. His *Integrity* and *Justice* are evident from the Resolution he has shewn to prefer *Officers* according to *Seniority*, and their own
Merit

Merit, without regard to their *Family*, or even his own *personal Friendship* for 'em. This laudable Resolution made him lately oppose the Advancement of a Friend of his own (a *Lieutenant*, and a *Nobleman*) to a Ship, with this Answer: *That his Predecessors had done unjustly in shewing so much Favour and Partiality in the Disposal of such Posts: That it was a Practice he should always oppose; but that as soon as he could advance him with Honour and Justice, he might depend on all he could do for him.* So honest an Answer perfectly satisfy'd his Friend (as he told me himself) who rests contented with the Post of a First Lieutenant, assured that he shall be promoted in his *Turn*.

As to the other *Gentry*, I shall not defend 'em; but am sure, that to anticipate a Man's Vices, is one Way to discourage him from being honest; and might set a cholerick or weak Man upon doing that out of Spite, which he would not have thought on, had he not been attack'd. It's not quite fair indeed, Mr *Touchit*, and I hope you will be convinced of it, by an impartial Enquiry into his L——p's Character, abstracted from the *Flights* of his *Youth*, which have entirely subsided; and when you find how you have been imposed on, I hope you'll mend the worst *Portrait* you ever drew in your Life. I entirely approve of your Writings in general; but must do Justice to the Character of a Person I know to be an *honest* and *capable Man*, and am, with all my Heart,

S I R,

Your constant Reader,

and Well-wisher,

N. C.



*Continuation of the Character and History
of WILL TRIMMER, down to his last
Promotion, and Re-union with BOB
MONOPOLY.*

*Taken from the WESTMINSEER JOURNAL of
Saturday, September 16, 1742.*

From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.



SOON after the Division between *Will* and *Bob*, there were great Contentions in the Vestry about an *old Parishioner*, one *Mrs Commerce*, who had taken a House in another Parish, and was suspected of an Inclination to *remove* thither entirely. She denied any such Thing, declared she would keep *both Houses*, reside chiefly in her *old one*, and never leave the Lordship unless she was *driven* out of it. This there was some danger she might be, because she was envied by some of the *proudest* of her Neighbours (who had left off *Business*) on Account of her great Wealth, which enabled her to make a more splendid Figure than they who liv'd on their *Means*. But the People in general, especially the *Poor*, had a great Veneration for her, as indeed they had Reason: For she employ'd great Numbers of them, and, between her *Dwelling-house*, *Shop*, and *Warehouses*, that were distributed all over the Parish, paid, for her own Share, at least *one Third* of the *Rates*. She was thought of so much Consequence, that the Lord never made a Speech in the Vestry without naming her *in particular*, and declaring he would *protect her against all her Enemies*. Tho' these Words, at some Times, were

were deem'd little more than a mere *Compliment*, they were so far become Matter of Form, that a Speech without them would have been but very indifferently *relished*.

The Thought of such a Person's *Removing*, one must imagine, alarm'd all the true Members of the Community. It was propos'd in Vestry to grant her some *new Immunities*, that might invite her to reside *wholly* amongst them. *Will* was for this Motion, purely because he knew *Bob* would be *against* it; advanced boldly that she was *moving House*, if she had not *already moved*; and declared that instead of the Words, *invite Madam Commerce to stay in this Parish*, to be inserted in the Order of Vestry, he was for the Words, *invite—to return to this Parish*; for that she was really gone out of it, and all the Poor would be ruin'd in less than a Twelvemonth. Then he laid the Blame of this Revolution upon the *heavy Rates* introduced by *Bob*, who, in Fact, was rather for burthening her with *new Taxes*, than abating any Thing of those already fix'd.

Warm was the Contest between the two Parties: The *Bobites* maintained, that *Commerce* lived *as much* among them as ever, and that the House she had taken elsewhere, was only to *set up* one of her Daughters in a *piddling Way*; that the old Gentlewoman's Business was more extensive than formerly; and therefore that she was *extremely well used* in being so *moderately* rated. Just the contrary of this did the *Williamites* insist on, and brought several of Madam's *own Family* to support their Allegations. It appear'd upon the Whole, that thro' the *Discouragement* she had met with in her Neighbourhood, and *Invitations* from other Parishes, she had open'd *two or three* new Shops, which had a *good Trade* to them, and one that even equal'd the first: But that she had *left*, or was inclined entirely to *leave* the Parish, it did by no Means appear. *Bob* and *Will* therefore were equally *extravagant* in their Assertions, on purpose to be as opposite to each other as possible: It was pleasant to hear them *affirm*
Things

Things which they could not *believe*, and their Partisans *supporting* their Arguments merely because they were embarked in the *same Cause*. The Order passed in *Robin's Words*, and Mrs *Commerce*, tho' she has ever since been gradually *moving her Stock*, does yet keep her *old House* over her Head. *Will* now cares as little for her as *Bob*, and since they are once more Friends, values not a Farthing if *Commerce* were *d—mn'd*. She is indeed in a declining Way, and looks like a *Skeleton* to what she did.

In the former Part of this History I mentioned his Lordships *other Estates*. He had lately bought a new one, contiguous to those which were *hereditary* in his Family. The former Owner, who had been dispossess'd of it by *Law*, still kept up his *Title*, and only waited for an Opportunity to get upon the *Premises*. This made it necessary to increase the Number of *Servants* upon it, and keep a good Look-out. But *Bob*, under Pretence that it was for the Service of *his own Liberty*, not only disciplin'd all the Boors upon the *new Estate*, but *hired* the Militia of another Parish, at a greater Expence than the said Estate was worth. This was indeed just Matter of Complaint, and *Will* made the most of it in several set Speeches. He was applauded for them by those who did not remember what he had *said formerly* on the *contrary Side* of the same Question, nor think what he would *say again*, if ever the Tables come to be *turn'd*.

The People of this Manor were great Eaters of *Salt*, and the Lord had a *Toll* upon all that was expended by them. When the Term of this Toll expired, *Bob*, to the Surprise of all Men, did not look to the Renewal of it, but let the *good Folks*, for a whole Year together, eat what Salt they pleased at *Prime Cost*. He then pretended that *Salt* was bad for the *Constitution*; that the People were all eat up with the *Scurvy*; and, if they did not refrain from eating so much *Salt*, their whole *Mafs of Blood* would be spoiled. *Will*, still the profess'd Advocate of the People, pleaded for the *free Use* of *Salt*, and was *again* defeated. In short,

short, the Toll was made *perpetual*, and *Will* had the Mortification to see he could do *no good*, tho' he aim'd at it only out of *Spite*.

But the greatest Exploit of *Will's* Opposition, was what immediately follow'd this, when, tho' he could not carry the *Question* against *Bob* in the Vestry, he prevail'd upon *Bob* himself to drop it. This he did in the Way of *Terror*, by putting him in Dread for his dear *Life*. *Will* knew how susceptible he was of *this Passion*, and about two Years before had published an Instance of it; shewing how *Bob* came to him all *aghast*, with trembling Knees and a wild Aspect, to relate a Story (for they were next Neighbours, tho' mortal Enemies) of an *Apparition* that was heard in his House. *Will*, it seems from his own Account, was not at all frightened, and laugh'd at the other's *Timidity*: Nor have we any Room to doubt of his *Courage*, where his *Passions* or *Prejudices* inspire it. Lord *Fanny* saw it blaze forth, and had like to have fallen the Victim of his own *Rashness*, in daring to withstand it with *naked Rapier*.

Wine and *Tobacco* (to return to our Story) were consumed in great Quantity by the Tenants of the *St James's* Manor, and the Lord received a pretty handsome Profit upon the Sale of them. As there might possibly be some brought into the Manor *clandestinely*, without Entry at the proper Office (tho' the Penalty was heavy upon such Kind of Dealing) *Robin* proposed a Scheme for searching every House, whenever he pleas'd, for *Wine* and *Tobacco*, that the Lord, or the Lord's Servants, might not lose a Grain or a Drop of what they thought their Due. Now as this would have been attended with great Inconveniences, and might have given *Bob* a discretionary Power over the Secrets and Fortunes of all Families, the very Notion of such a Thing, which *Will* was the first to propagate, raised such a Spirit in the People, that they talk'd of *De-Witting* the poor Tallyman, and making Knife-handles of his Bones. Accordingly, to intimidate him, they met about the Vestry-Door, while the Parties were in deep
debate.

debate, and declared their Resolution in case he *persisted*. *Bob*, like a true Coward, thought at first to bully them; came to the Door; call'd them a Gang of *Sturdy Beggars*, and swore he would send them all to *Bridewell*, if they did not *disperse*: But when he saw them undaunted at his Threats, he turn'd as *pale* as a *Clout*, went into the Vestry again, and of his own Accord desired the Matter might be dropp'd, tho' he was sure of *carrying* the Question whenever put.

From this Time forwards he was ever afraid to shew his Head, and never stir'd out of Doors without a *Guard*, which was made up of *Shoe-blackers*, *Link-men*, and other such *creditable Friends*. These always follow'd him to the Vestry, headed by a *Captain*, on whom *Bob* conferr'd the Name of *Lion*; but they followed always at some *Distance*, that no Notice might be taken of their Business.

As *Will*, by rousing the People in this Manner, had done a *real Service* to the Community, he grew exceedingly *proud* thereupon, and boasted in *Print* of what he had *atchiev'd*. Every Body took this in good Part, and, forgetting the *Motive* upon which he *acted*, applauded the *Action*. Thus, while his whole Aim was the Mortification of *Bob*, he reap'd all the Fruits of a *virtuous Love* to his *Fellow-Tenants*. And seeing what *Reputation* was this Way to be acquired, he kept on pretty uniformly to the *same System*. When a Motion was once made for the more *frequent* Choice of Vestry-men, that it might be as it had been before the Days of the late Lord, *Will* spoke and *voted* entirely for it, because he knew this would ingratiate him more and more with the Parish, and, let them chuse ever so often, he should be perpetually *one of the Elect*.

Many other Things did *Will*, to the great Satisfaction of his Fellow-Parishioners; continuing *good* against his Inclination, merely to be contrary to the Man he hated, who was *exceeding wicked*. I shall only mention a few of the most *popular* Instances; for it would be tedious to enumerate all, or to be particular in any.

—*Bob* got an Order of Vestry against the Use of

Cordials among the *Poor*, alledging that their Spirits were too *high* already : *Will* interposed on their Behalf, but could not prevail.—*Bob* procured the Suppression of all *Puppet-Shows*, because *Punch* had made too free with his *Person* : *Will* was an Advocate for the People's *Diversion*, and would gladly have seen *Bob* continue the *Subject* of it.—*Bob* had every Man's *Gun* taken away, all over the Parish, because he said the Parishioners were all *Thieves*, and kept *Guns* only to protect themselves from *Justice* : *Will* prov'd the Necessity of keeping *Arms*, because the Parishioners were *honest Men*, and ought to have some Defence against *Rogues*, such as were many of *Bob's Emissaries*.—But the most material Case between them was *This* :

Madam Commerce, in her Journies to the *West*, had been several Times *robb'd* and *insulted* ; of which she complained to the Lord, and to the Vestry, who were both sworn to protect her. *Will* seconded her Complaints, and was for promoting a public *Law-suit*, according to antient Custom, against those who had injured her, who were well enough known. *Bob* answered, that Law was *expensive*, and the Event of it always *uncertain* ; that the Persons she complained of were, he believed, *civil honest Gentlemen*, and would not deny *Reparation* if the Charge were true ; that the Clerk of the Vestry should write to them, and *ask* if they *did* commit such and such *Robberies*. Accordingly the Clerk wrote, and the Criminals denied the Fact : Whereupon *Bob*, with an Air of Triumph, took the Part of these *Thieves* at the next Meeting, call'd *Commerce* a *saucy lying B—tch*, and swore he would never give Ear to her again. All this while *Will* continued stiffly to take her Part, and, tho' he could not gain her Cause, made the *Justice* of it apparent to all the *World*, and brought down a thousand *Imprecations* on the *Tallyman*.

Seeing this, and for fear of being *mob'd*, *Robin* own'd that he believed she had received *some Damage*, the Payment of which he would *insist on*. Accordingly

ly he went immediately to compounding the Felony, and *conven'd* to make it up for a trifling Sum, not a tenth Part of what had been lost. The Bargain, unjust as it was, received the *Approbation* of the Vestry; but the Plaintiff would not stand to it, and went on *remonstrating* the Wrong done her, which was every Day greater than other.

At last, tired with the Importunity of the *Sufferer*, and the Representations of *Will* and his Friends, *Bob* suffered a Suit to *commence*; declaring, tho' a *Lawyer*, that he would have no Hand in the *Conduct* of it, and protesting that *Commerce* should *pay dearly* for the Trouble she gave. Notice was sent to the Defendant, who made good his *Plea* as well as he could; but had been saddled with both *Costs* and *Damage*, if *Bob* had not given the Plaintiff's Advocates *private Instructions*, not to proceed *so far*. By this Means, with the justest Cause that ever was brought to Issue, Madam saw herself *fleece'd* afresh, without obtaining the least *Satisfaction*. And, what was the worst of the whole Affair, the Lord of the Manor, who believ'd every Thing that *Bob* said, was fully persuaded that the Prosecution was *fairly* and *vigorously* carried on, and that the ill Success it met with was owing to the *Injustice* of it, or at least to *unavoidable Accidents*.

But *Will*, who knew too much of the Law to be thus imposed on, resolved with this *Weapon* to make another *Push* at his old Antagonist. He *moved* therefore in the Vestry, for the *Papers* relating to the whole Suit to be laid before them, that from thence he might draw up a *Charge* against *Robin*, who he knew privately *directed* every Thing: But in vain did he move; for *Bob* prevail'd upon the Lord to say, that as the Cause was yet *depending*, the exposing such Writings might give the *Defendant* some *Advantage*. *Will* used all his Eloquence to prove that no *Inconvenience* could ensue; but, with his *Minority*, was forced to *acquiesce*, and leave the good Lady to have her Pocket still *pick'd* to no Purpose.

Nothing

Nothing was yet to be done, unless the Lord would remove *Bob* from the Tally-Office, strike his Name out of the *Select Club*, and promise never to be *advised* by him again. If the Vestry, in a Body, *petition'd* for this, his Lordship, it was thought, would hardly *deny* it. *Will* got an old Friend, *Sandy Long-bib*, to make the *Motion* in the Vestry, that he might the more fully expatiate afterwards upon the *Necessity* of it, when he came to speak himself. All was in vain: *Bob* had too many *Friends* in that *Assembly*, and the *Petition* was crush'd in the very *Conception*.

But tho' the *Power* of this Tallyman continued, his *Rogueries* were every Day more and more manifest. The Eyes of all Men were *open* upon them, except of those *Vestrymen* who shared with him the unjust *Plunder* of the Parish. To get these *rejected*, and others *chosen* in their Room, was the only Resource that *Will* and his Friends had now left. The Day of Election was at hand, and *Bob* gloried in being the *Master* of it: He gloried, but in vain; for the *Williamites* prevail'd, and at the next Meeting bore down the Tallyman before them. He *resigned* his Office; but, in return, got himself declared *Honorary Burgesses*, and continued a Member of the *Select Club*. With *Bob's* Authority ended *Will's* *Honesty*, of which he had now no longer Occasion. It had gratify'd his predominant Passion, *Revenge*, and the Mask became *troublesome* to wear. The Honour of *Victory* was all he wanted, and for which he had many Years contended; not that he might procure *Justice* for his Fellow-Parishioners, but *Terms* for Himself, his *Wife*, his *Relations*, and his *Dependants*. Suppose him now cooling from his *Indignation* against *corrupt Measures*, meeting *Bob* without the Vestry, and thus *discoursing* with him.

The Conference, and the Sequel of it, at some other Opportunity.

B.



From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.

A DIALOGUE between BOB and WILL, with the Remainder of their History, being the Sequel of the two preceding Papers.

Taken from the Westminster Journal of Saturday, October 23, 1742.

Scene the Court of ———, without the Vestry.

WILL.



HAT *my old Particular?*—Give me thy Hand Man.

BOB. Umph!—*[Turns sullenly away.]*

WILL. Nay, nay! but why so *shy?* What have I done to affront thee?—

Is it because ———

BOB. Insulting Wretch! *[Aside.]*

WILL. Because I have *kept my Word* with thee? hah! Did I not say I would *never leave* thee, till I had got *above* thee in the Vestry?

BOB. Yes; but I did not think you *able* to accomplish your Point.—To be hunted down by such a Pack of *young Puppies*, that were never let loose before!—

WILL. I brought them thither *on purpose.*—The Vote of a *young Vestryman*, you know *Bob*, that can give *no Reason* for what he does, is as good as *yours* or *mine*, after we have *strain'd* our Lungs for Hours together.

BOB. Pox on't! where did you find them all? I did not think there had been *so many* honest Fellows in

the Parish. I did not mind whom the People *chose*, because I thought myself sure of *buying-off* enough for my Purpose.

WILL. Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps then, my Dear, you did not bid *their Price*; for every Man, you know, *is to be bought*, if you give *his Price*.—That's an old Maxim of ours.——

BOB. I never knew it fail before this cursed Instance.

WILL. But I found an *Equivalent* for your Money. A *Spectre*, Man, a *Spectre*, which you could raise formerly as well as I.—In short, I made such a *Devil* of you, that the poor Lads were *afraid* to take any Thing out of your Hands, lest you should draw them into some *hellish Contract*, and get Possession of their Souls.

BOB. I thought the World had been grown wiser since we were young:—But—I see I was *mistaken*.

WILL. And now, as you once quaintly express'd it, *what a pitiful Fellow of a —— do you look like?* Whom will you *displace* now? Whom will you *tell Tales* of to my Lord? Whom will you *bully* in the Vestry?

BOB. D—mn the Vestry; I'll never *set my Foot* within the Walls of it again. I'll *resign* my Place, and *serve* the Parish no longer.

WILL. And what then?

BOB. Keep only in the *Select Club*; persuade my Lord to make me an *Honorary Burgefs*; retire into the Country, and live *quietly* upon what I have *honestly* got.

WILL. A very *laudable* Resolution, truly.—But hark ye, Friend;—a Word in your Ear.—Do you think I have raised all this *Dust* merely to drive you out of the *Vestry*, and make you *resign*?—No, Sir; we resolve to have *Justice* done the Parish; we have enter'd into an *Association*, and will stand to it, to a Man.—*Oppressions, Dilapidations, Insults*—consider what follows—*Enquiry, Judgement, a Halter*.—Your *honest Acquisitions* come back to the Parish, to the Poor; they may save us a *Year's Rates*.

BOB.

BOB. Bloody-minded Rogues!

WILL. And all your *Accomplices*, every Soul of them, shall have the same Fate. — *Redstring, Hoistbreeches*, and the rest; there will be a fine *Row* of you.

BOB. I'll crave my Lord's *Protection*, secure the *Militia*, and rather put all in a *Confusion*, than——

WILL. Than be hang'd? hah!—Why, as you say, 'tis not a Thing that a Man would *greatly covet*: But if People will be *Rogues*, they must take what follows: Who can help it?

BOB. Nobody, if they are *fairly* and *fully convicted*. —But I remember the Time, *Will*, when you were not so *plaguy honest* yourself, nor so eager to procure *Justice* to the Parish.—Tell me then, is it *Principle* you now act upon, or only *Enmity* to me? If the first, I must make the best *Defence* in my Power: If the latter, have you not your *Ends*? Have you not *conquer'd*? Do I not *quit* the Field, and demand *Quarter*? Think then, might not this be *made up* between us? Your own Friends come in next; and too much Severity to me will be but a *scurvy Precedent* against them, whenever the *Tables*, as no doubt they will, come to turn again.

WILL. What! *compound Felony*, and drop the *Interest* I have so warmly espoused!

BOB. Why not? 'Tis not the first Time. We have done it in *Conjunction*.

WILL. This Place is too *public*: We shall be overheard. [*Softly.*]

BOB. Let us go in yonder, and call for a Room. — [*Aside.*] I like this; it will work presently.

[*They go into a Tavern.*]

Scene a private Room.

WILL. I should be *suspected* if seen in your Company longer than for a little *Raillery*. All my Party *watch* me continually; the young ones, to tread in my *Steps*; the old ones, to see that I don't *deviate* from the Paths of my Profession.

BOB. *Caution*, Sir, to be sure, is necessary with us Leaders, and a *Treaty* of this *Importance*, while the
Armies

Armies are yet *active* in the Field, should be carried on in *secret*.—But to our Point. I find myself overpowered with *Numbers*, and am willing to retreat on *honourable Terms*. Will you grant me any?

WILL. None that are injurious to my *Friends*, or to the *Parish* in general.

BOB. *Yourself* first, Sir, by all Means. Will you be *Tallyman*, *Vestry-Clerk*, or what else?

WILL. I'll accept of *no Place*; none at all—for myself. Have not I declared, over and over, that I would *never accept* of a Place?

BOB. Right! And I had like to have forgot *one Part* of our last Quarrel. It shall be done as a Preliminary to what you then insisted on; an *honorary Burgeship*, and *Readmission* into the *Select Club*. Is that all you would stipulate?

WILL. The *Nomination* to all Offices that we shall think proper to *vacate*, and a formal *Enquiry* into your Conduct.

BOB. The *first* is granted: But for the *latter*, why that is the very Thing I would *evade*.—An *Enquiry*! Man: If I could stand that, what have I to fear? A *Screen*! a *Screen*! a close *Screen* for me! Let me have a *Screen*, and be all the Rest as you please. I am now an *old Fellow*, and to what Purpose would you rake into the *Filth* of my Life? Let me go off with what *little* I have, and divide *the Rest* among you. The *Parish* is *rich enough*; why should we mind the *Parish*?

WILL. But I have profess'd myself the *Friend* of the *Parish*, *harangu'd* for the *Parish*, *wrote* for the *Parish*, *fought* for the *Parish*, and declared I would *die* for the *Parish*..

BOB. Have not I done the same? Has not *every Man* done the same, who had a Mind to *get* any Thing by the *Parish*?

WILL. *Forms* however are necessary: I said only a *formal Enquiry*. The Charge against you is *great*, and *universal*, and much will be expected from your Resignation. I require that Somewhat should be made out to justify my own *Opposition*; and if that *Somewhat*

what falls far short of the *Expectation* I had raised, a pretended *Conviction* of my own Mistake will account for my Coolness in the Prosecution.

BOB. But those eager Sparks, who were not to be *soften'd* in the Chace, will they *desist from Blood* when they have *run down* their Prey? By their Obstinacy, they should be a *different* Race of Mortals from any I have before met with: Otherwise, I think, I should have known how to *silence* at least some of the loudest.

WILL. Leave that to me; they are of my own *breaking*. I am a true Sportsman, and can bring them *off* as well as I brought them *on*. The same Offers they *refused* from you, never doubt they will *accept* from me. A *Coalition of our Friends* will secure us both, and be better for his Lordship's Servants than a *Coalition of Parties* throughout the Parish. The latter indeed are *fine Words* to harangue on in the Vestry; but between Friends, who know the World, and one another, they mean *nothing*.

BOB. Openly and honestly spoken.—Give me thy Hand again, Boy.—The same *Will Trimmer* still, and the same *Bob Monopoly*, after a Difference of near twenty Years.

WILL. I never thought, in the Main, that we *differ'd* much in Opinion: But, that we may hereafter be sure of each other's Principles, let us draw up, and subscribe, *Articles of our Parochial Faith*.

BOB. With all my Heart. But this cursed Name of mine, which has been so often tack'd to the Words *Rogue, Miscreant, Plunderer*, and many others, I am resolv'd shall never go more at the Bottom of any Writing. In Prospect of my new Dignity, I assume a new Name, and am henceforward *Bob of the FORD*.

WILL. And as my Name, when this our *Convention* comes to be public, will, in all Likelihood, be as *freely used*, I quit that which I have hitherto borne with some Reputation, that all the Resentment of the Neighbourhood may fall upon *Will of the WATERS*.

BOB. Luckily imagined on both Sides, as it affords me

me the Opportunity of a Pun; which, as a dull Fellow upon Record, I have a Right to be always fond of.

WILL. Let us have it then.—In all Probability, after this Day, we shall have little other Use for our Wit, but to employ it in some such *innocent Manner*, in each other's Company.

BOB. *How happy am I in coming to such Waters as will allow me a Ford!* That's my Pun; but give me a Reason for what you last said.

WILL. Your Friends, who were so only of the Sunshine of your Fortune, will drop off as that diminishes, and follow the *rising Light*; Mine, who were indeed the Friends of *Virtue and Public Spirit*, will shun me with *Abhorrence* when I have renounced them both. In the *St Stephen's Club* we are not to speak; in the *Assembly of Burgesses* we shall be heard with *Derision*, and we have no other Way to avoid Contempt, but to herd *only together*.

In Pursuance of what they had agreed on, our two reconcil'd Champions call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote the following, as

A System of Parochial Faith.

WE BELIEVE,
That Wealth, Honour, and Power, are the only proper Pursuits, and, when obtain'd, the *supreme Qualifications* of a Ruling Officer.

That to procure and preserve These, no Means can be *unlawful*, no Artifices *dishonourable*, no Pretences *unjustifiable*, no Assistance *disreputable*.

That as the Favour of the Lord, and the Money of the Tenants, can alone establish in this *sublime Character*, every mean Artifice, Pretence, or Tool, ought to be employ'd by a prudent Officer, in order to acquire them in the *highest Degree*.

That in this *honest Vocation*, to impose upon and cheat the Lord, or to bubble and enslave the Tenants, are so far from being *Faults*, that, when necessary, they are the *Perfection* of all *Parochial Virtues*.

That

That every Man who aspires at Rule, and would supplant him who possesseth it, has the *same Privileges* as the said Possessor hath himself.

That as every Ruling Officer depends more on the Lord than on the Tenants, and generally loses the Favour of the latter to obtain that of the former; the proper Way to supplant him is to *curry Favour* with the Tenants, and make them *clamour* the Lord into a Necessity to *withdraw* his Favour.

That when this is done, the said Supplanter is to succeed in *what Share he pleases* of his Predecessor's Power, and to *portion out the Rest* according to his own good Liking.

That he is by no Means to hurt the discarded Officer, nor to suffer a full Enquiry to be made into his Crimes; but to pacify the People in the *shortest* Manner, as he hopes himself for Mercy at the Day of Account.

That a *Parochial Quarrel* of the longest Continuance, tho' carried on with the utmost Acrimony, ought not to be deemed the least *Interruption of Friendship* between contending Parties, nor to prevent their afterwards *uniting in Council*.

That to laugh at both Lord and Tenants is a mighty decent Accomplishment, and what every present or past Ruling Officer ought to possess.

This is our Faith, which we promise never to renounce.

Signed,

BOB OF THE FORD.

WILL OF THE WATERS.

Witness,

SANDY LONG-BIB.

WILL with the Spencer-Wig.

After executing this Instrument, the Terms of the Convention were punctually *fulfill'd*. An Enquiry was made into Bob's Conduct, in which he was found guilty of *great Waste* of the Parish Money, under the Articles of *Bastard Children, Intelligence from other Parishes, Passes, Entertainments*, and other frivolous Affairs. But Will told his Friends, That, for what he saw

saw, the Account *might be* just : That whether it were so or no, it was sufficient that *Bob* was removed from the Post of Tallyman ; and it would be very commendable in *Him*, who had been hitherto the *poor Man's greatest Enemy*, to assist in crushing him now he was *down* : That all Mankind are *liable to err*, and he did not himself pretend to *Perfection* ; wherefore it would be cruel in him to be severe for a few *Slips* : That the Vestry had *other Things* of more Importance, which they ought to mind, and not to spend their Time about a Man, who could *no longer hurt them* ; and, finally, that there was still *Money enough* in the Parish, which made it look mean to be so punctual about a trifling Matter of a few Thousands.

As *Bob* was before of the *Select Vestry*, *Will* was immediately admitted into it ; and in the same Order were they created *Honorary Burgesses*. They continue to act upon the *Principles* recited in the Creed above, and are now, more than ever, *Par Nobile Fratrum*.

B.

F I N I S.



